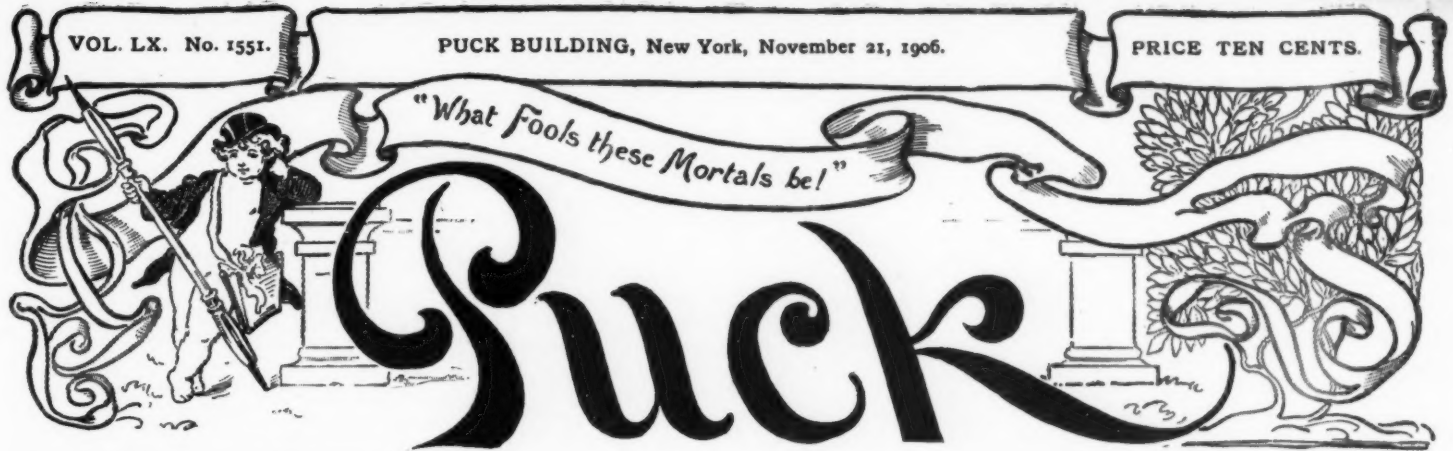


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PUCK BUILDING, New York, November 21, 1906.

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#### THE MARTYR.

"I can conceive of a situation that would compel Mr. Roosevelt, no matter how painful it might be, to accept a third term."—Attorney-General Moody.



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PUCK  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance

## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE EDEN MUSEE advertises "Charles E. Hughes in wax." But the star wax figure in politics is Gov. Higgins.

IN A CERTAIN regiment of colored infantry, the term Square Deal has a new and luminous meaning.

THE HELICON HALL socialists are to "raise children cooperatively." Production will continue by individual effort. The old way can not be improved on.

ENGLAND is bragging of a 252-pound lady wrestler. We should like to see her going after a 29-cent sofa cushion at the department store.

IN GERMANY, people have been fined for sneezing. Is there no law to reach the American who takes his cough to the theater?

THE KAISER has decreed that upon certain occasions officers of exalted rank shall wear gold epaulets instead of silver, and officers of lower rank red epaulets instead of blue. We never realized before what a frightful burden of responsibility a king is forced to bear.

WHY do the newspapers waste space on interviews with Hetty Green? A cabman would have more to say worth printing.

"REPUBLICAN SENATORS generally" have not observed a demand for tariff legislation. Truly there are none so blind as those that have reasons for not seeing.

WITH ALL his troubles, Count Boni is a lucky man. He is lucky not to have lived in the reign of Louis XVI.

A PHONOGRAPH record of the Kaiser's voice—a personal word to the American people—has been made for the Smithsonian Institution. Lest the charge he preferred that Americans are discourteous, our government should authorize in return a wax reproduction of Admiral Coghlan's "Hoch der Kaiser" speech, extra loud, and ship it forthwith to Berlin. Anything calculated to promote good feeling, especially between nations, should be done.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the completion of the new waiting room in the new Grand Central Station. Herein the public may sit down and wait for the electric improvements promised for last September.

THE LATEST Rough Rider to draw an appointment is a manufacturer of tobacco sauce. If not in the public eye, he is at least on the public tongue.

EVERY TICKET in Cuba is a split ticket.

WHAT COULD the prohibition candidate for Governor of New York have spent \$905 on?

WHAT ARE the Socialists going to do for the man who earns \$12 a week and pays \$10 a week alimony?

"I DON'T THINK anything," replied Hetty Green to an interviewer. Neither does a cash register.



### HELPLESS LITTLE TOT!

THE FAITHFUL NURSE.—Shame on you heartless people who say he is able to walk alone!



# PUCK



## ON THE FIRING LINE.

THE ARMORED POINTER.—No, as you say, old man, they ain't exactly comfortable, but they save us a heap of annoyance when we're out with these city sports.

## PUZZLE POEM.



THEY asked him where he lived before  
And why he moved away,  
And had he prospects of a job?  
And were his habits gay?

They asked him who his parents were  
And if his folks were mad;  
They counted all his children up  
And how much cash he had.

The riddle now is up to you;  
Where was the fellow at?  
An Ellis Island immigrant,  
Or hunter for a flat?

Was his a sad and hopeless fate,  
Or might it worse have been?  
We simply give this little clue—  
They let his children in.

McLanburgh Wilson.

## A BUSINESS AFFAIR.

A. Q. STORK, Esq.  
Dear Sir: A package of goods  
was delivered by you at my front door this  
morning, and pending arrangements I am  
keeping it subject to your order.

I have no record of ordering anything  
from you.

We are already well supplied with arti-  
cles of this description and cannot understand  
why you should have delivered the goods without  
express instructions. The object you left was not even  
wrapped up. In shipping goods, you should be careful here-  
after to see that they are well packed. Your goods are all perish-  
able, and need attention from your shipping clerk.

We have examined this consignment very carefully. It  
weighs eight pounds net, and apparently is in good condition.  
We shall not be responsible, however, for any damage done while  
awaiting instructions from you. Are you sure there was no error  
made in the shipping directions, and the goods delivered at the

wrong address? Please remember that mistakes on your part occa-  
sion no end of trouble and are hard to rectify.

Awaiting your reply,

JOHN SMITH.

P.S.—I have just seen my wife. We will keep the goods.



## NO COMPARISON AT ALL.

CHIEF YELLOW SOCK.—Ugh! Heap Buffalo wagon!

His SQUAW.—Yes; heap noise; heap run like Buffalo. But no  
smell like Buffalo.

**A** *optimist will drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs, and reflect that the  
drainage business, in a new country, has a great future before it.*

A PLEA FOR UNKNOWN AUTHORS.



OUR AUTHORS will hunt for ages  
The luring, elusive "right word";  
Your poets will blacken pages,  
In search of the rhyme preferred;  
Your scholars, your rhetoricians  
Build books that run smoother than sleds;  
But the champion word-magicians  
Are the men who write newspaper  
heads.

If Shakespeare worked for our "Yellow,"  
Where I hold a copy desk chair,  
His trouble in writing "Othello"  
With mine, sir, would never compare.  
He'd write until through;—what's absurder!—  
But I'd have to crowd, at one swipe,  
"Desdemona," "elopement" and "murder"  
Into one foot of ten-inch type!

We're quarreling not with our labor;—  
We're broken to harness, and tame;—  
But if pen is still better than saber,  
Then where in the deuce is our *fame*?  
Now Dante, whose horrors cause wonder—  
Why, you can't read him through in a day.  
But look at the blood and the thunder  
Which we, in a nutshell, display.

Your authors can write on forever;  
Your poets need never say quit;  
They ask: "Is it new?"—"Is it clever?"  
But this is our test: "Will it fit?"  
We'll ne'er shake Oblivion's fetters,  
Though our "works" print in purples and reds;  
But, mind you, the real men of letters  
Are the men who write newspaper heads.

*Chester Firkins.*

THE man whom any considerable number of people can judge  
justly during his lifetime, or within fifty years after his death,  
isn't likely to be a very important character.



CUPID IN CHINATOWN.

THEIR RADICAL ACTION.

"PAPA," pleadingly said the clergyman's little son, "I hope your  
special sermon for children to-morrow will be kind o' short.  
Billy Smith and Johnny Jonks and Chuck Purdy and some of the  
other fellows have been to see me about it, and if the sermon is a  
long one Billy Smith is going to lick me, if it's very long Billy Smith  
and Johnny Jonks will lick me, if it is awful long Billy and Johnny  
and Chuck will lick me and if it is any longer than that the rest of  
the boys will pile on, and all of 'em lick me!"



THE ORIGINAL SIN.

EVE. — I *thought* I'd find you here! Is *this* what you call coming home to supper? Tell me!





"THE HANGING COMMITTEE."

#### FAITH'S LIMITATIONS.



SHO'LY regrets, Brudder Dinger," severely said good old Parson Bagster, addressing a certain member of his flock, who had lately been wandering in devious paths, "dat, uh-cawdin' to all repo'ts, yo' has been uh-drinkin' to excess, yuh of late."

"Yassah," confessed the offender. "I s'picious I has. But lemme tell yo' how 'twuz, Pahson, dess lemme 'spatiate, if yo' please. Muh rheumatism had been uh-pesterin' me twell I dess couldn't stand de misery, and —"

"Den, yo' awtuh took it to de Lawd in pra'r, muh brudder, and —"

"Dat's what I done, sah — I p'intedly prayed, and it didn't 'pear to he'p none. De mo' I prayed de wuss I agonized, twell I dess th'owed up muh hands and quit. I knowed all de time it wouldn't do no good, and —"

"Dat's it! Dat's dess whuh de trouble was — yo' lacked faith! Yo' gotter have faith, or —"

"Hole on, sah! Lemme tell yo' de rest of it! Next, I took muh tribbylations to a motion doctor, one o' dese yuh long-haired, creepy sawtuh white men, wid wild-lookin' eyes, dat takes yo' money

fust and den waves his hands in de air, and says, in a voice wid ice down its back, 'Now, dess b'lieve yo' pain am leavin' yo' and it am uh-leavin'! Now, b'lieve it's gwine fum yo', and it's done gone! Have faith dat yo' am cured, and yo' is cured!' Huh! — nuthin' left me but muh dollah'n'aff; de pain stayed right wid me. I didn't have the faith; but, dod-bust it, how's a pusson uh-gwine to have faith when if he's got any sense he knows dar ain't nuthin' to it but dess monkey-business? Den, I goes off to one side, and says to muhse'f, 'Well-uh, de Lawd am too busy wid de big affairs of dis world to bodder wid a po', triffin' nigger's paltry little aches; and de motion doctor needed de money, and dat's all dar was to him. I'll dess drag muh weary length over to whuh de bartendah am at. Dat gen'leman don't keer what yo' b'lieves, dess so's yo' planks down de price!' Faith am all right when yo' am well and happy, Pahson, but when yo' am in de quiles of de rheumatism yo' gotter have suthin' stronger. Yassah, dat's muh 'sperience, anyhow!"

Tom P. Morgan.

PROVIDENCE has made it sweet to die for one's country, and that is as much as we can expect. If visionaries look for a time when it will be sweet to go way back and sit down for one's country, they simply invite disappointment.

**Some men are born with a bump of caution, and some have to wait for hard knocks to raise one for them.**

## PUCK



### A WANDERING MINISTREL.

THE COP.—Move on there, Mike! The fence won't fall if yer let go of it.

MR. KERRIGAN (*somewhat muddled*).—Fence, is ut! Can't yez see I'm playin the har-p?

### THE OBVIOUS IN LITERATURE.

Is it not about time that certain things which have been written about ever since the novel came to be an established form of literature, should be eliminated from the average writer's category, and assigned to a limbe from which there could be no escape? I

refer to those obvious devices so greatly in use in our current fiction which are threadbare through constant service, and which are as to be expected in novels of a commonplace type as the inevitable happy ending.

Read, for instance, a scene at a ball, and if two of the characters do not, before the evening is over, enter the conservatory, we would be nonplussed. In nine cases out of ten, too, their conversation is

overheard by a third person, who is invariably concealed behind a palm—or perhaps, in the *very* latest best-seller—a rubber-plant. I have always objected

to this particular trick in my fiction, because, as a rule, there is no conservatory even in the best houses where dances take place, and if they were, one would be a fool to reveal secrets in a room that is full of hiding-places for the inevitable eaves-dropper. It never convinces me, and I have often wondered how it affects other readers.

I don't believe I ever read a description of a costume ball in which the author did not say, blandly, as though no one had ever said it before: "And so, despite the anachronism, Louis XIV. danced with Queen Isabella, and a jolly monk went through the quadrille with a French courtesan." Of course they did, else why was a costume ball given? Was the ignorant reader to suppose that a monk was to dance only with a nun—if he danced at all?

If, too, I could once read a Christmas poem that contained no mention of frankinsense and myrrh, I should be very happy. The only way to avoid falling into my despondent state of mind is not to read the latest popular novel; and so few of us read Christmas poems anyhow that it is unnecessary to advise their dismissal from one's list.

Charles Hanson Towne.



### DISENCHANTMENT.

In converse o'er the telephone  
Upon my heart she scored;  
But when I met her face to face—  
Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

### A SURE TEST.

THE REPORTER.—How do you intend to test his sanity?

THE EXPERT.—Show him a Sunday Comic Supplement and note whether he laughs.

## CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.

AS OUR MODERN MAGAZINE ARTISTS WOULD PROBABLY PORTRAY THEM.



SQUEERS.



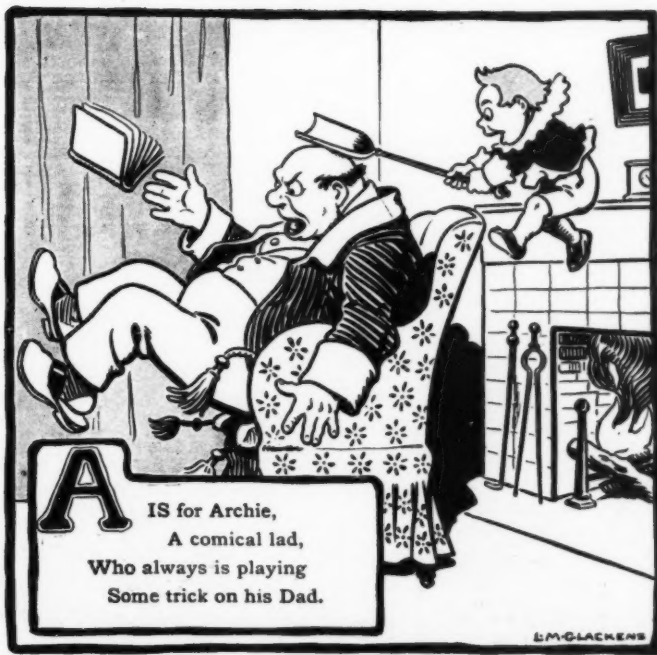
ALFRED JINGLE.



NANCY SIKES.



THE SLAP-STICK ALPHABET.  
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE COMIC PEOPLE.



## Novembernox.



### THE KISSES OF CASTELLANE.

["I cherish the remembrance of the kiss you gave me on January 27 at 3 o'clock." — Count Castellane to his wife.]

IFE of my concave bosom, dost thou, sweet,  
Recall my chaste salute on April three,  
At four o'clock — to be exact, 4:05?  
'Tis graven, Anna, on my memory.  
The reason I remember is that I  
At five was holding hands with Madame D.

And dost thou, loveliest of checkbooks, call  
To mind my kiss at five, September two?  
I think you kissed me first, but never mind;  
I'm very certain I saluted you.  
My memory is clear, because at six  
I supped, *sub rosa*, with the Countess Q.

And oh, adored meal-ticket, surely you  
Do not forget my kiss of August-ten,  
At half-past two — unless my watch was fast.  
You drew a check: I kissed you there and then.  
Forget that day! Ah, no! My date-book says  
I spent that night of nights with Madame N.

Dearest of tightwads, let fond memory dwell  
Upon my high-noon kiss October four.  
I pressed your check hand, kissed you on the nose,  
And said, as only I can say, "J'adore!"  
*Bon Dieu!* I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not all those other ladies more.

### FOIBLES OF LITERARY MEN.

Mark Twain does all his writing in bed, and has named his country place "The Pajamas." The Harpers announce for early publication: "Pain and Counterpane; or Christian Science Viewed from a Four-Poster," "Between the Sheets," "Pillow Shams and other Shams," "Mattress Meditations" and "Bedroom Reveries."

Following Mark Twain's example, Charles Battell Loomis and Jerome K. Jerome have joined the pajama school of humor, and have gone to bed for an indefinite sojourn.

Rudyard Kipling does not sleep in his eyeglasses, as he fears he would not feel them when he goes out.

When-in-the throes of composition, Brander Matthews has a habit of biting his sidewhiskers.

Hamilton Wright Mabie always washes his hands before taking up the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

F. Hopkinson Smith's favorite recreation is weeding his moustache.

Literary men are frightfully interesting.

"Better faithful than famous," on a bust of Roosevelt, was changed, at the President's suggestion, to "Don't flinch, don't foul; hit the line hard." One anticipates what Theodore would do to Shakespeare:

"Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,  
Hit the line hard, and gain the next ten yards.  
Give every man thy ear, and if he chew it,  
Give him the knee and swat him in the eye."

Mme. Eames has been doing Venice. "I just took a gondola by the day," she says, "and lay back and drank in the atmosphere of the old city." Our impression of the atmosphere of Venice is that it is very like the atmosphere of Chicago when the wind is off the Stockyards. One can better bite it off than drink it in.

The New York election was a sad but glorious day for the comic people. We are not quite ready for a slapstick revolution.

B. L. T.



### THE OBSTACLE.

OPPORTUNITY looked sadly perturbed.

"There are forty-seven or more people in that apartment house upon whose doors I ought to knock, but — the janitor won't let me in!"

### ALL OVER.

COHENSTEIN. — I made ofer ten thousand tollars to-day!  
ISAACS. — Vot!!!  
COHENSTEIN. — I made it ofer to my wife.

**W**oman has tears and unreason, often beauty, on her side, and if man has nevertheless got the whip hand, it shows he is a smart fellow.







THE ENDLESS GAME.

A FEAST IN STORE FOR OUR READERS.  
ANNUAL FALL ANNOUNCEMENT OF McBLUFFABODY'S MAGAZINE.



Mr. Henry Sallow Hatekid will continue his articles on the care of the young. He will contribute to the January number an absorbing paper, "The Call of the Infant."



Among our early features will be a serial of daring adventure and rough-hewn action by Miss Hattie Tender. It resounds throughout with the wild sort of nature.

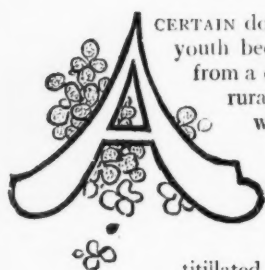


We have felt all along that we needed more and better fiction of the sort that uplifts. Hence, we are glad to announce several such stories by Mr. Frederick Blutwurst.



To many readers the most important articles will be Allred J. Dopey's "Great Movements in Finance." These articles go right to the bottom of successful methods in business.

THE EXPURGATED COUNTRY.



CERTAIN double-chinned citizen, who had in his youth been a lumpy country boy, witnessed from a comfortable seat in a cosy theatre, a rural play in which the honest farmer was as true as steel and had a heart in him as big and warm as a Christmas pudding, and was always cracking jokes and uttering button-busters without the slightest provocation; and a plump milk-maiden titillated, first on one side and then on the other, real milk from a real cow, in dainty skirtery, diamond ear-bob and neatly-turned silken hosiery—the milk-maiden, be it understood, not the cow—and the poor freckle-speckled bound boy, in patent leather shoes and other inaccuracies, blithely gave mockingbird imitations while turning the grindstone; and the farmhands came hilleing, hi-loing in from their day's toil and paused to sing a joyous quartette before supper; and the venerable deacon seemed to live only to jab the old maid in the ribs and dance a rickety jig now and again; and everybody quoted texts of Scripture and drank hard cider according to the dictates of their own consciences, and seemed little the worse for either; and the sluggard always sat on the edge of the well-curb to play the fiddle and fell in when company came; and the villainous gentleman from the city smoked cigarettes and plotted with the funny-legged tramp pretty much all over the place and within plain ear-shot of everybody else; and all concerned seemed to forget about the overdue mortgage and imminent foreclosure two minutes after



An especially attractive feature will be Henry Hellbent's three papers on "The Path of Conscience." As an expounder of ethics, Mr. Hellbent is without a peer.

speaking of them; and nobody had a woe that lasted any great length of time except the erring daughter who bore a name that was never spoken because she had been wedded by a false priest.

And his heart warmed within him and he was all of a tender glow, was the double-chinned citizen, and to himself he chortled, "Ah, how like! How real it all is! Why, it seems no longer ago than yesterday, that —" And he decided that on the morrow he would go back and visit the dear old farm once more and be a care-free boy again. But, next morning, pretty well along into the shank of the forenoon, as he lay in his warm nest, from which nobody was authorized to pull him no matter how long he lingered, he thought it all over. He recalled the little apples in the middle of the bar'l, the savage bite of the winter mornings, the never-ending kicks of the honest farmer, the suspicion with which everybody regarded everybody else, the everlasting picking and prying, and the dull, drab monotony of it all, and, concluding that the dear old farm was not likely to spoil for some time, decided to put off his

visit till a more convenient season. And then he turned over in bed. Distance lends enchantment to the view. The pleasantest way to visit the old farm is to purchase a good seat in a cosy theatre. The expurgated country is the more comfortable. *Tom P. Morgan.*

IF IT is a fact that children and fools speak the truth, the average of veracity is probably safe, in spite of the considerable falling off in the number of children.

THE COLDEST WAVE OF THE YEAR.



NEAR SIGHTED OLD PARTY.—Well, if Smith's stenographer isn't waving her handkerchief to me! I *knew* I made a hit with her! The naughty little puss!



THE WINDOW CLEANER (pausing in his polishing).—Is dat ol' geezer nutty, or does he tink I am! He's been shakin' dat rag at me fur fi' minutes.



HE LOVED HIS LITTLE JOKE.



GREATER than all other heroes," wrote the editor of the *Tabville Weekly News*, "is he who playeth football. The man who Smashed the line is bigger than the fellow who Busts a Trust."

"Hail to the Valiant Knight of the Pigskin. To him bow educators, savants, sporting writers and pretty girls. For him universities exist, November cometh and Thanksgiving is on the calendar. Let loose a billion cheers; uncork a million flasks on bleak grandstands where roars the chilly blast of the wintry days of the dying year. Stand up and shout, ye cohorts of men! Lift up your voices, ye maidens—wave your flags, greet your hero, pour out your souls in song."

The Editor of the *Tabville Weekly News* suddenly ceased writing; for there was a sharp knock at the door of his sanctum. Hastily putting down his corn-cob pipe and seizing a cigar, he assumed a learned, cultured, superior pose, and allowed a look of benignant yet nearly unsufferable pain to appear upon his classic features: then, resting his head wearily upon his hand, and inserting his forefinger in his ear, after the manner of William Dean Howells having his pictures taken, he said: "Come in!"

A tall, thin featured, slightly built individual, with a hair pin curve in his back advanced within the portals. His cleanly shaven face was livid with silent anger. Feeling that the moment was tense, the editor of the *Tabville Weekly News* queried, in conciliatory tone, "what can I do for you, sir?"

The stranger's mien was threatening; a horrible glitter was in his eye; even yet more his face darkened; he lifted on high a sinuous, claw-like hand, and brought it down upon the editor's desk with a terrific bang which upset the mucilage bottle.

"Do?" he repeated.

His voice was sepulchral.

"Yes," said the editor, modestly. He expected to be assassinated, but terror froze him to his chair.

"Hand me that copy!" roared the violent visitor.

Meekly the editor passed over his stirring editorial on the Football hero.

The stranger glanced it through. Then he glared at the editor, who now bore no resemblance whatever to William Dean Howells, the forefinger that had been in his ear being in the ink well. Clearly, the editor was rattled.

"Ah! Ha!" shrieked the visitor triumphantly, waving the crumpled copy before the editor's helpless gaze, "I knew it! I knew it!—Rot! Balderdash! Fudge!"

This, being in the nature of an anti-climax, the editor was quick to note his opportunity.

"Wha—what is Rot and Fudge?" he queried.

"Listen!" cried the man with a hair pin curve in his spine. "Listen! The football hero



IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

THE COOK (selecting her employer).—Well, Oi loike the looks o' yez. But phwat riferences hov yez from the gir-rl that hod yez last?

doesn't stand ace high any more. He is a Back Number! A triple-plated Has Been! A Travesty upon our National Ideal of Greatness! A new era has dawned in our splendid civilization; with it we have a new hero so much greater and grander that comparison were an enormity. The football hero might kill his man, but the glorious, goggle-eyed driver of the racing automobile may slaughter a village.

To him, the incomparable honor of having a hundred dead chickens strike his helmet as he speeds along the highway; to him, the splendid achievement of scaring a thousand horses to death with his mere 110 h. p. machine, as, with stern and horrid grin he sweepeth around the bend and smasheth a road record—not to speak of minor matters, like school children. This is our hero of to-day! The football man is too tame! Let his memory fade."

For a brief moment the stranger's head was bowed, as though in silent grief.

Gently, the editor took him by the hand; they gazed into each other's faces.

"How did you know what you have told me?" asked the editor softly; "it is wonderful!"

"I am the seventh son of a seventh son," replied the sepulchral voice; "and I can see through a hole in a stone wall; I walk always in the fields these days, and I love my little joke."

Fred. Ladd.



A NATURAL QUERY.

CITICUSS (who came out overnight).—What train do you generally miss, old man?

**T**radition is the handicap by means of which Yesterday keeps itself from being utterly outclassed by Today.

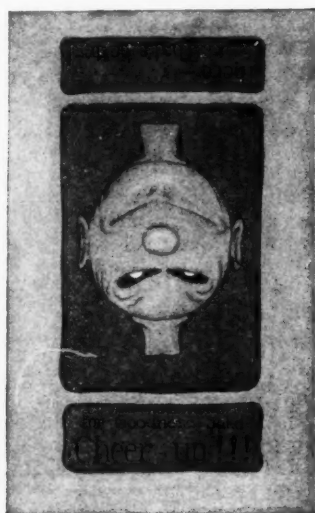


**Best  
of Them  
All**

Sold by leading dealers  
everywhere

**CHEER UP!!!**

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**CHEER UP!!!** Photo Gelatine Print, 9 x 12 in.  
By Leighton Budd. **PRICE 25 CENTS.**

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and **MAKE HOME HAPPY.**

This is but one example of the **PUCK PROOFS.**  
Send Ten Cents for new Catalogue with over  
Sixty Miniature Reproductions.

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295—309 Lafayette Street.

**Wilson —**

**For guarantee of purity,  
see back label on every bottle:**

**That's All!**

**THE CANDIDATE'S DAUGHTER.**

Her father was a candidate,  
His daughter was my love;  
Her face was morning light to me,  
Her eyes the stars above —  
Her father was a candidate;  
This much is worthy note —  
She came to me, all smiles to state:  
"Pa needs the floating vote!"

"My dear," I said, "you cannot get  
This floating voter's vote  
Without you give him something first  
To make this voter float;

Something to lift him up from earth  
And spread his joyous wing  
In a flight of sunny ecstasy  
Where larks and linnets sing!"

The rogue political, she saw  
Clean through my anecdote,  
And blushed a bit, and archly sighed:  
"So you would *sell* your vote!" —  
Her father was a candidate;  
He needed floaters bad —  
The sweetest lips I ever — Hush!  
I voted for her dad!

—*Woman's Home Companion.*



**TIME.**

**THE YOUNG HOSTESS.**— Papa, I wish you'd request the musicians  
not to play the dance music so fast.

**HER FATHER.**— I did, my dear, but the leader says the Union rules  
call for time and a half after midnight.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a  
glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest  
aid to digestion known.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

**THE GAME GOES ON.**

Quite lonely now the hammock swings  
Upon the wide, wind-swept veranda,  
While in the parlor sweetly sings  
Miranda.

And at her side with back a-crook,  
To drink song sentiments that carry,  
With eyes that have a rapturous look,  
Leans Harry.

So thus we see, without a doubt,  
The game goes on, for there's no reason  
Why Cupid should care aught about  
The season.

—*Indianapolis News.*

**A Club-Cocktail**  
IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



**M**OST Americans are connoisseurs in cocktails  
—and a connoisseur's taste demands uni-  
formity in the flavor, strength and mixing  
of his favorite drink. There's only one kind of  
uniformly good cocktail — **CLUB COCKTAILS.**  
Bar cocktails are slap-dash guess-work — good by  
accident — bad by rule — but never smooth or uni-  
form to a cultivated taste. **CLUB COCKTAILS**  
are scientifically blended from choicest liquors,  
aged and mellowed to delicious flavor and aroma.  
Insist on **CLUB.**

Seven varieties — each one perfect.  
Of all good grocers and dealers.

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Hartford New York London

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Pears' Soap has never  
offered premiums to  
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**Puck**

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"LOVERS AND LUNATICS" is the title of a new play. The "and Lunatics" are superfluous, but were probably added to make the posters look better.—*Washington Post*.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

**THE FURNACE.**

The furnace fire's started now,  
And trouble has begun,  
For it is difficult to suit  
The whims of every one.  
Elvira thinks it is too hot —  
You know she's rather stout —  
While Eunice says: "I'm freezing cold!  
Don't let the fire out."

Maria wants the damper up,  
And Mildred wants it down.  
Whichever way I fix the thing,  
I'm greeted with a frown.  
Oh, I shall welcome with a whoop  
The advent of the spring,  
And when the winter is all gone,  
I'll cheer like everything!  
—*Somerville Journal*.

**A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.**

They say that sleeping dogs may lie;  
But little girls may not,  
For when I tell the little fib  
They scold an awful lot.  
Sometimes I wish I was a dog  
So's I could lie a lot;  
For when I've taken mother's cake  
I'd rather sleep than not.

Then when she'd say, "Now, Clementine,  
Did you do so and so?"  
I'd close my eyes and snooze a bit  
And growl out, "No; oh, no!"  
—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

**NOT A GOOD RULE.**

In judging man's piety, measures of  
space  
Are all out of place.  
A person's religion is not to be gauged  
By the length of his face.  
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

**JUDGING BY HIS RECORD.**

"Sir Thomas Lipton says he's after  
the Cup again."  
"Well, there's a strong suspicion  
that he will merely be after the leading  
boat."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## Hammer the Hammer

**Accidental Discharge Impossible**

Every owner of an Iver Johnson has a double feeling of safety—safety as to protection of life and property, and absolute safety as to accidental discharge; for there is but one way to discharge the

## IVER JOHNSON

**SAFETY  
AUTOMATIC REVOLVER**

and that is to pull the trigger.  
In addition to the safety features of the Iver Johnson is the knowledge of absolute reliability and accuracy and dependable quality.

### Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish,  
22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38  
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### Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

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Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply.



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trademark  
on the  
grip

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Booklet,  
"Shots"

full of firearm lore;  
gives important facts  
every owner of firearms  
should know; goes into  
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152 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

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—Pichler & Co., Hamburg, Germany.

Makers of Iver Johnson Truss Frame Bicycles  
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**THE BACHELOR'S LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.**

By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 14 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



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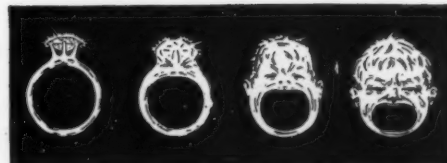
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THREE ★ ★ ★ STAR

## WHISKEY

A product of the costly pot-still method

### GUN BARRELS.

BACON.—They say that Krupp, the gun manufacturer, is one of the richest men in Europe.

EGBERT.—Well, he ought to be rich. Just see all the "barrels" he's made.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MANY a girl fondly thinks she is a great lover of books just because she likes to read exciting stories.—*Somerville Journal*.

It Requires no Guess-  
work to see why

## Evans' Ale and Stout

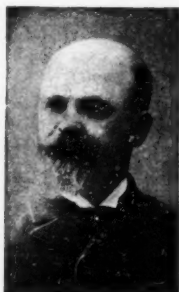


Are preferred by critical ale-drinkers—need only try them.

GETS VEGETABLES, ALL RIGHT.

CHURCH.—Does your friend out in the suburbs have a garden?

GOHAM.—He don't have to have a garden. He runs a newspaper.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



CHEW...

### Beeman's THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-Sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

WHERE KNOWLEDGE KILLS LOVE.

"There's no doubt about it," said he, oracularly, "a man is known by the company he keeps."

"Nonsense!" replied the wise girl, "if the average man were really known by his company she'd shake him right away."—*Cath. Standard and Times*.

### HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

### Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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It acts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 296 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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protects its citizens against counterfeit money—the law of (March 3d, 1897) equally protects the public against counterfeit whiskey.

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Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

SO FAR AHEAD.

My wife is shopping early,  
She seeks what she can find,  
"What do you want for Christmas?"  
She asks in accents kind.  
But, oh, I hate to tell her  
For fear I'll change my mind!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BALANCED.

"Yes, he's very vindictive. That's one of his worst faults," said Gadd.  
"I didn't know he had that fault, too," said Lenders.  
"Oh, yes; I tell you, I'd hate to have a man like that owe me a grudge."  
"Yes, but there's his other fault. He never pays when he owes."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

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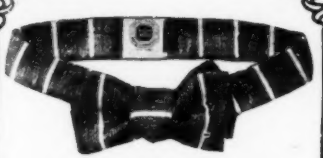
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS

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There is no reason why you should wear Cravats that look commonplace. Whichever form of Cravat your fancy or the special purpose may suggest—Tie, Four-in-Hand, Ascot, Square or Culross, you may be assured that among the inexhaustible variety of

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you will find just the one you want—one that carries with it the guarantee of the maker—to wear longer, fray less and crease less than the ordinary sort.

Sold under the Keiser label by dealers in good furnishings.

Keiser-Barathea staples in black, white, plain colors and figures—also white or black for evening dress.

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#### NEXT SEASON.

Around the old base burner sat  
A crowd engaged in friendly chat;  
They thrashed one subject o'er and o'er,  
A subject often thrashed before—  
Next season.

Said one of these loud, gabby men,  
"I batted last year just one-ten;  
But you guys keep your lamps on me,  
I'll bat around three-thirty-three—  
Next season.

"My batting eye is clear, all right,  
I'll knock the horsehide out of sight;  
You betchyer life I'm still the goods,  
I'll chase the pitchers to the woods—  
Next season."

"Well, as for me," another said,  
"My arm is far from being dead;  
Last year I lost my curves and speed,  
But I'll have all of both I need—  
Next season."

"I'll have some curves that shoot around  
The batter's neck and hit the ground;  
I'll put the whiskers on the sphere,  
I'll knock my catchers out, I fear—  
Next season."

And still another said, "I know  
My fielding game last year was slow;  
You fellows think I've lost my skill.  
But say! You want to wait until—  
Next season."

Then, with the session at its close,  
The bunch of faded stars arose  
And shouted, "We don't like to brag,  
But watch our team cop out the flag—  
Next season."

—Cleveland Press.

### A WEALTH OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

If you have it, retain it—

If you haven't it, secure it—by regular daily use of

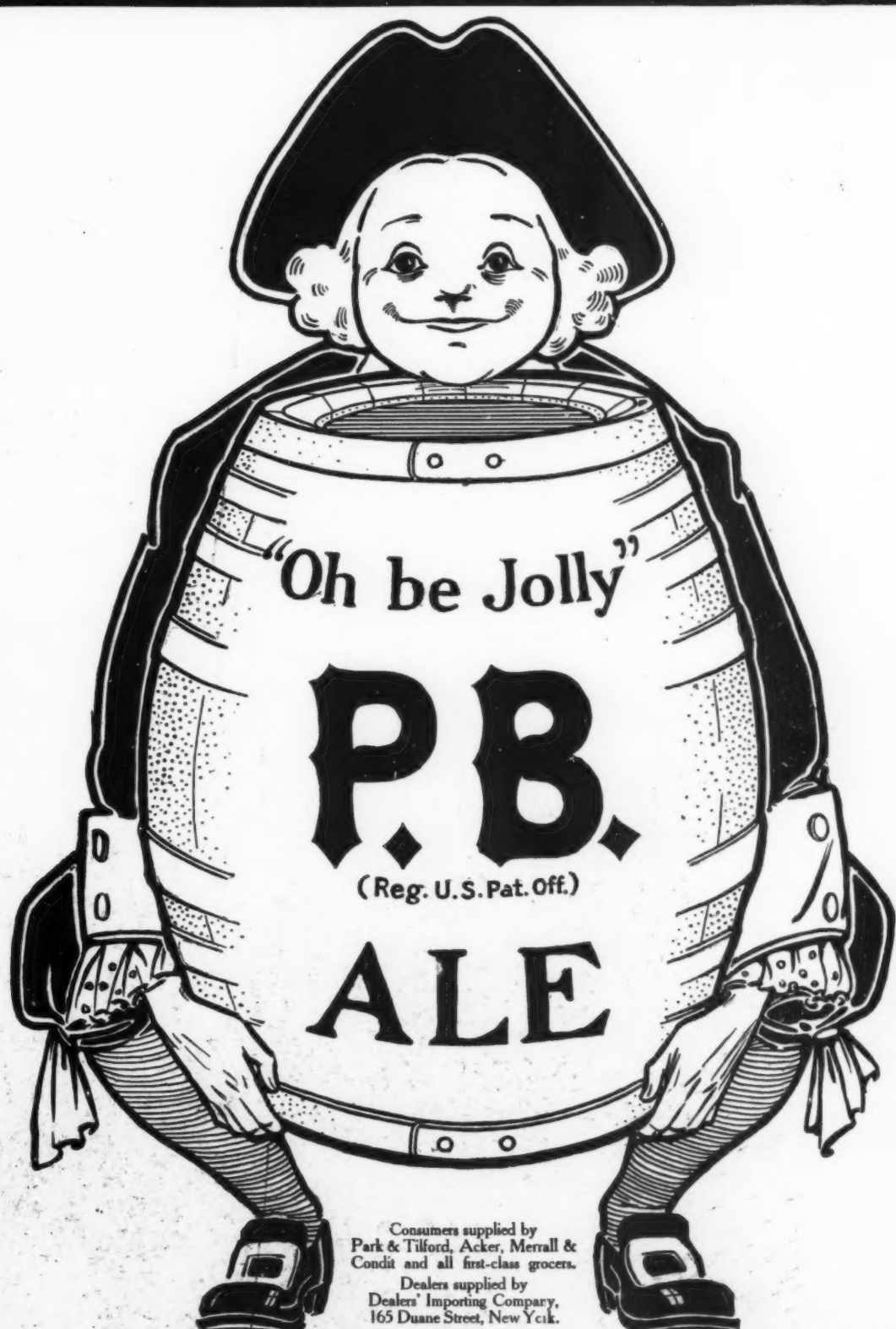
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Send 10c. to pay postage and packing of a liberal sample.

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(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

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## Drink P. B. Ale

If you are an ale drinker, and know that good, pure ale gives strength as well as satisfaction to the man who drinks it, then drink P. B.

Only pure malt and hops go into the brew. Eighty-five years experience goes into the brewing. It's an American Success recognized and patronized by every lover of good ale.

Brewed at BUNKER HILL BREWERIES, Boston, Mass.

#### TAKE NOTICE

Oh! Fortune's wheel turns best for him—

If we but knew it—  
Who always puts, with all his vim,  
His shoulder to it.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### HER LIMIT.

SENIOR PARTNER.—That new stenographer spells ridiculously.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—Does she? Well, if she does, it's about the only word she can spell, as far as my observation goes.—Somerville Journal.

## THE Keeley Cure

### for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 27 years.

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